

Good Morning 279

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

I GET AROUND

Ron Richards' COLUMN

OF all the old fireside hobbies revived by the war, the art of creating model theatres seems to be the most flourishing.

Miss Louisa Pollock, who is now closing the Hoxton shop in which three generations of her family have painted and sold the "penny plain, twopence coloured" play-sheets and cut-out theatres, tells me that she is disposing of her stock to a business man. He is to open a shop nearer the West End.

Because many of her scenes were designed by Cruikshank, they are sought by collectors.

People with model theatres still delight in the old productions—such as "The Maid and the Magpie," "The Blind Boy," "Don Quixote," "The Brigand," and "Timoun the Tartar"—that have been popular since long before Robert Louis Stevenson immortalised the Hoxton shop in his essay, "Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured."

So many inquiries are made in West End shops about equipping model theatres that we may yet see a boom in miniature theatricals just as there is in stamp collecting.



To writers and artists from all parts of the world Miss Pollock's shop in the out-of-the-way, poverty-stricken district of Hoxton is as attractive as the Houses of Parliament to the tourist. It was opened a century ago by a lithographer (Miss Pollock's grandfather), who loved theatrecraft, and has much the same atmosphere as the antique book dealers to the bibliophile. Collectors browse among the thousand different quaint theatrical figure designs, some of them drawn on the stone, others on copper or zinc.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

MISS POLLOCK still carries on the old process, taking the transfers from the plates, laying them on the litho stone. The sheets are still sold as plain lithos, or they are coloured by hand.

Many of the scenes and characters are from plays over a thousand years old, as actually played in the theatre of that time, and a little book of words is supplied with each stage set.

The little figures, coloured, cut out and mounted on cardboard, slide into their places by manipulation from the bottom of the stage. Scenery and side wings are let down from the top, and in front are footlights designed for the old-fashioned candles or oil lamps. But although connoisseurs share the secret of the little shop's treasures with appreciative friends, the trade is limited. A few extraneous commodities have crept into the windows to please the taste of the younger generation, who, cinema-trained, know nothing of the charm of penny plain and twopence coloured, although, curiously, children unerringly pick on the old highly coloured prints from less characteristic commodities.

Children will enjoy carrot toffee, for it smells like butter-scotch and tastes as sweet, and carrot tablets may prove useful to night-fighters because of their anti-night-blindness vitamin. Thousands of tons of damaged fruit not good enough for the market are salvaged, thanks to the work of this research station. Experts knew that the pure liquid portion of fruit contained all the health-giving principles of the whole fruit; their difficulty was to squeeze out the juice in commercially profitable quantities. Now they've brought it to such a fine art that 85lb. of juice could be obtained from 100lb. of apples. They have discovered, too, how to concentrate fruit juice into sugar.

IN the peaceful Somerset country side a band of highly skilled scientists who devote their lives to fruit and vegetables have discovered how to produce sugar from carrots.

As a result of their experiments, carrot treacle—rich in sugar, but not tasting of carrots—may soon win its way to the breakfast table at home, and the residue of the carrot will yield a powder soup rich in vitamin A.

Children will enjoy carrot toffee, for it smells like butter-scotch and tastes as sweet, and carrot tablets may prove useful to night-fighters because of their anti-night-blindness vitamin.

Thousands of tons of damaged fruit not good enough for the market are salvaged, thanks to the work of this research station.

Experts knew that the pure liquid portion of fruit contained all the health-giving principles of the whole fruit; their difficulty was to squeeze out the juice in commercially profitable quantities.

Now they've brought it to such a fine art that 85lb. of juice could be obtained from 100lb. of apples. They have discovered, too, how to concentrate fruit juice into sugar.

Apple sugar and apple syrup will soon be in the shops, perhaps as the preliminary to plum honey and raspberry fudge.

Turnips, apples, and other homely foodstuffs, swim in the

Book of Job; not a cheerful affair, of course, but excellently done.

I HEAR that tickets for bed and breakfast at the new hostel shortly to be opened at Swiss Cottage, London, for British and Dominion Forces, will be obtainable from the Nuffield Trust Centre, Wardour Street, London, W.1. Is that news?

IF you are from Hampshire and you should fall into Jerry's hands, you will be assured a warm welcome if you are sent to Stalag 383.

A Hampshire Prisoners of War Club has been formed in that camp, under the presidency of C.S.M. James Furber, whose home is at Totton, Hants.

The main object of the club, which has a membership of more than 100 Hampshiremen, is "to help each other."

Members share the contents of parcels from home, and, appropriately, "Ask and it shall be given you" is the motto.

Sports and games competitions are organised, entertainments are run, and other amenities to help to relieve the tedium of captivity include a club library.

The Hampshire's first team—the Hogs—are undefeated champions of the camp basketball league. Two other teams have now been formed—the Hoglets and the Wurzelers.

Do you join me in sending wishes for a short and victorious reign for the Hogs?

Ron Richards



Sweet tooth news

sterilised test-tubes under continual inspection in this strange laboratory.

STRANGLING AN APPLE.

An apple breathes, and the faster it breathes the sooner it goes rotten.

By denying an apple air and slowing down its breathing to a fifth of normal by keeping it in a refrigerated gas-chamber, apples can be kept just alive and no more.

The experts can tell the age of an apple by its alcohol (the older the apple, the more alcohol in the juice), and even the flavour of fruit can now be judged by electric shocks.

To-day, the greenness of an apple is no longer deceptive, for photo-electric robots can tell at once whether it is sweet or sour.

Pears are peculiar. They have mob mania. Separate them and they last longer.

Strawberries sicken quickly, but now the scientists on the fruit farm have traced the artificial aphid which carries the virus of strawberry illness.

By the control of chromosomes, they have evolved a thornless blackberry, and scientific fruit-breeding is producing larger and more lasting fruit of all kinds.

Powders will make brave New World

By R. de Vere

YOUR new motor-car, after this war, and your new furniture, your clocks, flooring, even your new house, may be made with powder.

Metallurgists have already fused and tried out these powders and perfected them. Even railway coaches and airplanes and ships may be powders mixed up—but they won't look like it.

The most radical change in metallurgy has happened.

The war may have had some influence in the matter; but not the war only. Before it began, scientists were making things to lay the foundations of a new world.

For more than 5,000 years Man has been working with metals.

He started the game when he found that metal would melt with heat; so he cast, forged, rolled, drilled and ground metals to his desires.

He hammered things to any shape, and now he has made metals into powders like dust.

The advantages are light weight and the porosity that allows them to absorb large quantities of oil, so that lubrication is built into them already.

They are making the parts of the cars in the Chrysler and other car factories in America that weigh only three pounds of powdered metal parts.

It is predicted that the whole cars will weigh no more than about 100lbs. when complete.

Will they prove too light for fast driving?

They will not. Other things counterbalance that danger.

How is the dust made into solid parts? By tremendous presses, the usual being about 80 tons capacity, but presses have been used up to 600 tons. In order to give the parts

strength, a method known as sintering is employed.

This is heat treatment at baking temperatures. The heat shrinks the metal, and the shrinkage can be controlled to within a thousandth of an inch.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the whole business was first suggested and operated by an Englishman, William Hyde Wollaston, in 1829.

It lay in abeyance until American scientists developed it in 1929. Since then it has grown to enormous dimensions.

Some time about 1922 the U.S.A. electrical industry found that they could create bearings pressed from copper and iron alloys.

The fine continuous pores, which make up to forty per cent. of the volume, can absorb oil and set it free by capillary attraction when required.

The machinery needs no more oil after it has been built in.

Door-part latches can now be made that are self-oiling.

Powder metallurgy has now produced all sorts of things, including typewriters, where the metal parts are not only better but cheaper.

Ink ribbons soon may be a thing of the past, for the porous type-faces will need only one soaking in ink and will type clearly and permanently.

Ships' metal parts will no longer need constant oiling. Clocks will go "for ever." Submarine engines will change entirely.

In short, the new world will be quieter and more easy to live in than ever the world was before.

Dodged Income Tax

117 years Says A. Dilke

"THE Board of Inland Revenue Acknowledge Receipt of £84 conscience money from 1819—1936."

This advertisement appeared recently, and we are left to guess the curious story behind the person with a conscience so sensitive that it forced him or her to make restitution not only for taxes personally evaded, but also those escaped by people who must now be dead.

The advertisement is typical of some scores that appear every year.

The average sum received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the way of "conscience money," varies enormously from year to year.

I have seen it put as high as £3,000,000 a year, but £15,000 would be much nearer the mark.

In 1937 it was stated that the exact sum received in the past financial year was £1,902 15s. 1d. Various factors cause consciences to prick harder at certain times.

One of the remarkable effects of the financial crisis of 1931 was a flood of conscience money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Over £8,000 was received in a very short time.

The dark days of Dunkirk evidently made many people ask themselves whether in the past they had not been guilty of financial fifth column work in their own country.

Envelopes containing conscience money from dozens of people began to come in.

The size of individual sums of conscience money received have varied from 1d to £10,000. In every case the sender seems to be at considerable pains to conceal his identity. The fact is that payment of conscience money does not absolve people from prosecution for fraud if they are later found out.

Nor does acknowledgment of

the receipt of the conscience money constitute a receipt for the discharge of the sums due.

There was an amusing case at the U.S. Treasury some years ago. A tax payer sent £30 conscience money, representing sums underpaid during past years. A few months later the Treasury received a demand for the £30 back, as correction of his calculations showed he had made a mistake and had not underpaid.

It was impossible to prove that the second man was identical with the anonymous sender, and the money was not, therefore, refunded.

Some time ago, a letter was received by the Chancellor containing a 5s. postal order. "Dear Sir," said the letter, "I once defrauded you of £5. Remorse has now gnawed my conscience and I send you five shillings. When it gnaws again, I shall send you some more."

The Treasury have noted that a sudden influx of letters, containing conscience money, occurs every year during Lent.

Evidently a number of people who use this as a time of genuine repentance is considerable. By no means all conscience letters are posted.

Dozens are dropped through the letter boxes of the Treasury in Whitehall, generally during the night.

"On account of income tax," is the commonest description of conscience money. But the sums received by all sorts of public bodies, and even individuals, probably in a year, greatly exceed those paid to the Treasury.

Only recently Warrington a police received a watch and bracelet in a parcel with an unbracketed note saying the sender

had found them at a railway terminus seven years ago, and his conscience had been worrying him!

Railway, bus, and tram companies receive considerable sums of conscience money for unpaid fares.

In 1937, a woman called on the station-master of Grimsby and said that in August, 1916, she took a dog from Sutton-on-Sea to Grimsby without paying its fare. A 1s. 3d. dog ticket and receipt were issued, and conscience was stilled after 21 years!

Has your conscience ever pricked you about using official stationery for private letters? Periodically government departments receive conscience money in this connection.

A typical case was revealed by an advertisement that appeared some time ago:

The Controller of H.M. Stationery Office acknowledges the receipt of £12 conscience money "For extravagance in the use of official stationery over many years."

The London County Council received a letter containing money and an anonymous letter saying, "With deep regret for the past, I forward £5 conscience money for small articles used and taken for personal use while in the Council's service."

Conscience money covering offences 10 and 20 years back is common. A record was probably set up by the man who sent the L.N.E.R. 5s. 6d. for a railway trip taken without a ticket 50 years before.

Another strange case was of a tablecloth returned to a hotel. It had been taken as a honeymoon "souvenir" by a bride 34 years previously!

GOD FORBIDS SUCH MARRIAGES

DENIS sat down again.

Externally he managed to keep pretty calm; but within he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman.

And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him?

While he was thus reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth, and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said, something in an undertone to Sire de Maletroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, mes-sire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance. It was none of my choosing, God knows that; but since she is in it, by our lady, she shall carry it to the end."

And then, addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible, so he rose at once and bowed in acquiescence.

The Sire de Maletroit followed his example, and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, toward the chapel door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered.

The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns and hung down in two rich pendants from the centre of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels.

These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about, and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse.

On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—he as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most fluteline tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

JANE



THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Part—III

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece, and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement as she came slowly forward.

In the course of her advance her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while travelling.

She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance.

Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Maletroit

WANGLING WORDS—234

- Put a French author in INSS, and make a town in Britain.
- Rearrange the letters of B.A. INTO M.A., and make a province in Canada.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HARD into PULL, LACE into VEIL, CATS into MEAT, SIDE into DRUM.
- Make words out of: (a) 101, 6, 50; (b) 51, 6, 500; (c) 101, 6, 100.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 233

- WrinkLE.
- BESSARABIA.
- BEEF, BEET, FEET, FEEL, FUEL, DUEL, DUET, SUET, WATCH, WITCH, WINCH, WENCH, BENCH, BEACH, PEACH, PEACE, PLACE, BEAT, BEAM, SEAM, SLAM, CLAM, CRAM, DRAM, DRUM, FISH, WISH, WISE, WIRE, FIRE, FINE, FIND, FOND, BOND, BONE.
- ENGINE, MUSEUM, DEDICATED, MINIM, DECIDED, etc.

chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said. "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony."

And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonour your white hair."

"Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering, "is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think this to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Maletroit, my way

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



THEY MAKE FISH DRY.

It is not a day's washing, but a week's fish catch. The scene is Iceland, and the girls are expert at cleaning the fish and laying them flat on the drying "field," which isn't a field, but just massive rocks. The fish are brought up in trucks and tipped out. The sun does the rest. When there is sun. And that's how you get "dried fish," without chips.

QUIZ for today

- A gigot is a dancer, small drink, piece of meat, woman's cap, golf club?
- Who wrote (a) Nightmare Abbey, (b) Dream Days?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Nelson, Wellington, Raleigh, Drake, Effingham, Hawkins, Jellicoe?
- In what game are four rooks used?
- What is the name given to the Thames at Oxford?
- What English King was known as the Unready?
- Which of the following words are mis-spelt: Eminence, Immanence, Immaculate, Impalpable, Imbecile, Impinge?
- What actress became an Empress, and in what century?
- What county is called the Garden of England?

- What is the feminine of (a) sultan, (b) gander?
- What is the flesh of the deer called?
- Name three operas beginning with M.

Answers to Quiz in No. 278

- Bird.
- (a) J. B. Priestley, (b) Dr. Johnson.
- Becky Sharp is a Thackeray character; others are from Dickens.
- Skittles.
- Francis is male; Frances female.
- Peregrine falcon, 180 m.p.h.
- Absorbent, Corbel, Coruscate.
- Billiards.
- Isle of Man.
- Annie Laurie's.
- Promenade concerts, in which the audience stands or walks about, made famous at the Queen's Hall, London.
- Rubens, Rossetti, Raphael, Rembrandt, etc.

of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonour my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than threescore years, you forfeited not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face.

"If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron."

"You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle," he said. "It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure goodwill, I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Maletroit, if I have not, I care not one jack-straw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for, upon my word, your next groom may be less appetising."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels, and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not, and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes

burn with a feverish lustre. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily, "to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Maletroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh, for as long as I can recollect; and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life."

"Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that anyone should love me; and when he passed me a letter I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure."

"Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me."

She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on.

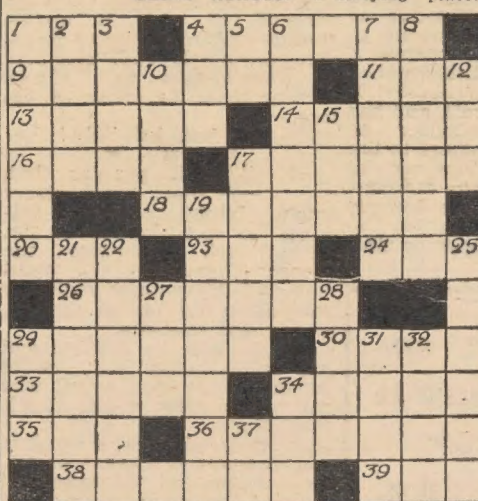
"My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge."

"This morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand in his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he had finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all."

(To be continued.)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Sleeping place.



CLUES DOWN.

- Sort of cinnamon.
- As soon as.
- Sea-bird.
- Swab.
- Within.
- Goes.
- In high spirits.
- Formally withdraw.
- Constructed.
- Study.
- Drag.
- Singer.
- Fever.
- Battered.
- Machine.
- Squandered.
- Hint.
- Noble.
- Piece of work.
- Hang around.
- Silent.
- Part of shoe.
- Short steamer.

- Insects.
- Bright flower.
- Guided.
- Discard.
- Put.
- Despatch.
- Draw tight.
- Came into view.
- Consumed.
- Insect.
- Moisture.
- Shut in.
- Spotted animal.
- Donation.
- Tree.
- Fresh water fish.
- Inner room.
- Put apart.
- Lower in quality.
- Nourished.

SHOVE ECLAT
PARADOX ICY
OWING CATER
USE EDITH E
TELLS SLEWS
R A DE A
ASSUME SUDS
I PRONE NEW
STOAT FIBRE
LAD EXTRA O
EXEPT SERGE

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



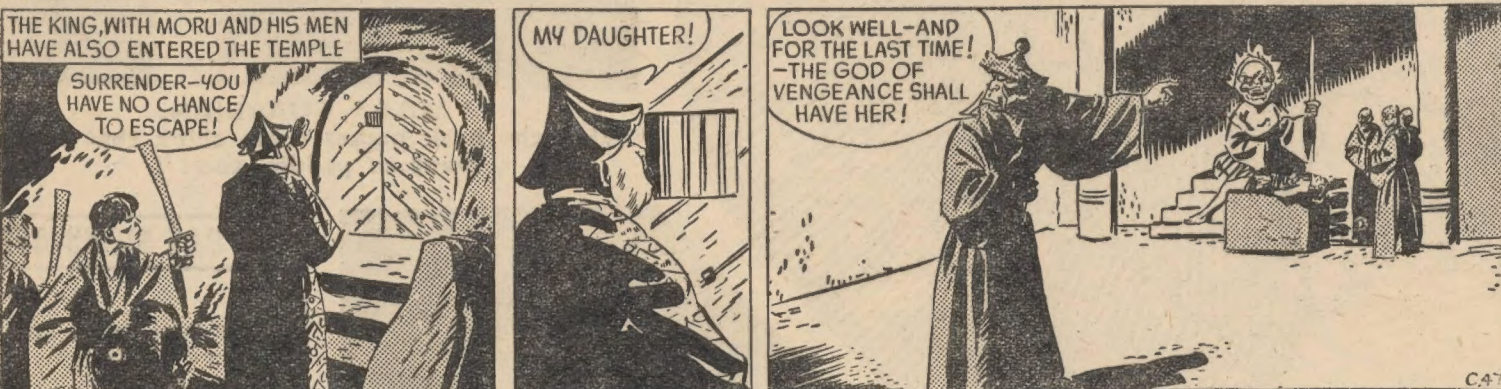
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

MILLIER'S
SPORTS FLASHBACK

BETTING, it has been said all down the ages, is a mug's game, and, as most of us are born mugs, betting, you may be sure, will remain.

It is, of course, an evil if indulged in to excess, but so also are many other attractions. An occasional bet cannot occasion much harm, and, if it turns up trumps, it can act as a healthy tonic, but it should remain just an occasional diversion.

You have to bear in mind that the vast majority of individuals who gain their livelihood by betting do so only at the expense of the mugs. The stay-at-home backer, doubtless in the majority, is the biggest of all the mugs. He bets in the dark in any event.

If he is a real mug, he sends a postal order to an address in Scotland, and the money generally goes to keep up a big establishment in London. If by any wonderful stroke of luck he has a tidy sum to draw he will find that he is not so lucky as he thought himself to be.

The chances are that he will be informed that his letter containing the winning bets never reached the office.

It is an old wheeze, and countless thousands have been victimised by the same rump; and you can bet that many more thousands, despite all warnings, will continue to play this mug's game. It is useless to produce the counterfoil of your postal order, because that postal order will have been very thoroughly destroyed long before you put in the claim for your winnings.

There is nothing you can do about it, except to take it to heart as a lesson that has been paid for in hard cash.

For the man who bets at home on a larger scale there is the bookmaker with whom you may open a credit account, and he is not likely to repudiate your bet when you land a winner; but you will not be permitted to back too many winners, even if you have the extraordinary luck to find them. He will settle your account, and then politely, but none the less firmly, request you to transfer your custom elsewhere.

This is often a rule with office commission agents. After all, they exist to take money, not to pay it away.

Our lopsided betting laws do not permit cash transactions in betting away from racecourses. That is why the many accommodation addresses in Scotland are brought into use, or, perhaps I should say, misuse.

Perhaps the straightest bookmaker of the lot, that is, among the stay-at-home variety, is the street bookie; and he is breaking the law. Still, he contrives to survive. He pays periodical fines and continues to make a good living.

The tremendous volume of stay-at-home betting on horse-racing, particularly the small cash transactions, started to fall directly greyhound-racing began to attract big crowds, and it soon became evident that the decline would be permanent.

The pleasure in being able to see whether one's few shillings had been on a trier was much better than betting on a horse that was running a hundred or more miles away.

If you must bet—and there is a certain amount of pleasure in it if your enjoyment runs that way—wait until you can pay a visit to the racecourse, or greyhound track, and the chances are that you may stand a better chance of finding a winner.

If you place the bet on the totalisator you may get slightly better odds than if you had taken a bet with a bookmaker. In either event, you can at least bet in safety.

The machine figures are checked by an independent accountant, and will be correctly returned. Bookmakers have to compete with the tote nowadays, and their prices cannot be too far short of this or they will lose their clients.

The welshing bookmaker is almost a thing of the past, though it is fairly certain that he will reappear now and again at open courses, where there is an easy get-away, when money flows freely in the early days of peace—when it comes.

—ODD QUOTES—

I have tried if I could reach that great resolute... to be honest without a thought of Heaven or Hell.

Sir Thomas Browne.

The Devil's most devilish when respectable.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?

Robert Browning.

If you get simple beauty and nought else,

You get about the best thing God invents.

Robert Browning.

Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle When Rip Van Winkle went away?

Alfred Bryan.

Yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way, and rowing another; and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

John Bunyan.

The only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them.

Edmund Burke.

The use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

Edmund Burke.

Good Morning

EAST AND WEST MEET



"I'm not scared of YOU, you big fathead," explodes the tiny but pugnacious Griffin dog to the mighty St. Bernard.



This England As the sun vanishes behind the mountains the dull-grey sky reflects a cold silver streak across the surface of Lake Derwentwater.



"JUST A FEW LINES, etc.

To let you know that this is Paramount star Mary Martin. Ain't she cute?"



"SOLE" GUARDIAN.
"What the heck makes them think that I don't want to paddle, too?"



IS WINTER OVER YET?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Sole preserving, but soul destroying"

